THE

LOUSIAD,

AN

HEROI-COMIC POEM.

CANTO IV.

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

A NEW EDITION.

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THE

LOUSIAD.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

WITH beauteous LAMBERT's bluſh, and RUSSEL's ſmiles,
AURORA peep'd upon the firſt of Iſles;
And lo, to bleating flock, and whiſtling bird,
Uproſe the Sun, and uproſe G. THE THIRD,
Who left his Queen ſo charming, and her room,
To talk of hounds and horſes with the Groom.

Say, Muse, what! not *one* cloud with low'ring looks,
To gloom compaſſion on the heads of Cooks?
What! not *one* ſolitary omen ſent;
Not *one* ſmall ſign, to tell the great event?
On Cato's danger, clouds of ev'ry ſhape
Hung on the firmament their diſmal crape;
Aurora wept, poor girl, with ſorrow big;
And Phœbus roſe without his golden wig!
But now the ſkies their uſual manners loſt,
The ſun and moon, and all the ſtarry hoſt!
No raven at the window flapp'd his wings,
And croak'd portentous to the Cooks of Kings;
No horſes neigh'd, no bullocks roar'd ſo ſtout;
No ſheep, like ſheep be-devill'd, ran about;

No lightnings flaſh'd, no thunder deign'd to growl;
No walls re-echo'd to the mournful owl;
No jackaſs bray'd affright; no ghoſt 'gan wail;
No comet threaten'd empires with his tail;
No witches, wildly ſcreaming, rode the broom;
No pewter platters danc'd about the room.
Thus unregarded droop'd each menac'd head,
As though the omens all were really dead;
As unregarded (what a horrid ſlur!),
As though the Monarch meant to ſhave a cur!

Now to the kitchen of the Palace came
Full many a damſel ſweet, and daring dame,
The wives and daughters of thoſe Cooks forlorn
Whoſe luckleſs heads were threaten'd to be ſhorn:

Ire in each eye, and vengeance in each hand,
To cheer their huſbands, pour'd the boaſtful Band!
Thus, when the ancient Britons ruſh'd to battle,
Their wives intrepid join'd the general rattle;
Encouraging their huſbands in the fray,
For fear ſome pale-nos'd rogues might run away:
O glorious act!—repelling coward fear.—
Thus cocks fight braveſt when the hens are near.

Now on the band of Ladies ſtar'd the Cooks,
And ſeem'd to ſhew hair-ruin in their looks.
Great is the eloquence of eyes indeed—
Much hiſt'ry in thoſe tell-tale orbs we read!
What though no bigger than a button-hole,
Yet what a wondrous window to the ſoul!

The boſom's joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
In lively colours are depicted here!

Now to the crowded kitchen RAMUS ſprings,
RAMUS, call'd *Billy* by the beſt of Kings;
Who much of razors and of ſoapſuds knows,
Well ſkill'd to take Great CÆSAR by the noſe:
Much by his Sovereign lov'd, a truſty Page,
Who often puts great Stateſmen in a rage;
Poor LORDS! compell'd againſt their will to *wait*,
Though aſs-like laden with affairs of State,
Till Page and Monarch finiſh deep diſputes
On buckſkin breeches, or a pair of boots!

Billy, a pretty name of love, ſo ſweet,
Familiar, eaſy, for affection meet!
Thus formal *Patrick* is transform'd to *Paddy*;
And *Father*, by the children chriſten'd *Daddy*:
And OLIVER, who could e'en *Kings* control,
By many a thouſand is baptiz'd OLD NOLL.

Speak, READER, didſt thou ever ſee a ghoſt?
If ſo—thou ſtoodeſt ſtaring, like a poſt:
Thus did the Cooks on BILLY RAMUS ſtare,
Whoſe frightful preſence porcupin'd each hair.
Now enter'd *SECKER—and now thus he ſpoke:—
"This Louſe affair's a very pretty joke!
"Arn't

* Late Clerk of the Kitchen.

" Arn't you aſham'd of it, you dirty dogs?—

" Zounds! have you all been ſleeping with the hogs?

" But mind—you'll be, to all your great delight,

" Bald as ſo many coots before 'tis night.

" No murmurs, gentlemen—'tis all in vain:

" When Monarchs order, who ſhall dare complain?"

Now from the female Band, a HEROINE rav'd,

" G-d curſe me, if my huſband *ſhall* be ſhav'd!

" You ſhan't, you ſhan't the fellow's head diſgrace—

" I ſay, the man ſhall ſooner loſe his place.

" *Wigs*, like the very devil, I loath, I hate—

" And curſe me, if a *nightcap* hugs his pate."—

" How, IMPUDENCE!" the wrathful SECKER cry'd,

With horror ſtaring, and a mouth yard-wide—

" Where,

" Where, where's my ſtick, my cane, my whip, my ſwitch?
" Who taught rebellion t'ye, you ſaucy B—?"
" *Myſelf*," with hands akembow cry'd the Dame—
" I tell ye, Miſter SECKER, 'tis a ſhame—
" I tell ye that the Cooks will all be fools,
" To ſuffer razors to come *near* their ſkulls.
" *Bitch* too, forſooth! the language of a hog!
" If I'm a Bitch, then *ſomebody*'s a Dog."

Now all th' internal man of SECKER boil'd—
From thought to thought of turbulence he toil'd:
Now, reſolution-fraught, he wiſh'd to ſtick her,
Now in her face to ſpit, and now to kick her.
But PRUDENCE in that very moment came,
And ſweetly whiſper'd to the man of flame—

" Fie!

" Fie, SECKER! kick a *woman!* SECKER, fie!

" On matter more ſublime, thy proweſs try—

" No glory ſprings from kicking wives of Cooks.

" Strive to ſurpaſs great Kings in binding books;

" Tranſcend great Kings in forcing ſtubborn kine

" To breakfaſt on horſe-cheſnuts, ſup, and dine;

" In educating pigs, be thou as deep;

" And learn, like Kings, to feel the rumps of ſheep.

" Go, triumph at the market-towns with wool:

" Go, breed for lady-cows the braveſt bull;

" Tow'r o'er the ſcepter'd GREAT in fat of lambs,

" And riſe a rival in the breed of rams.—

" Theſe be thine acts—from hence fair glory flows,

" Whoſe beam, a bonfire round a Monarch glows.

" Surpaſs in charity towards the Poor;

" Nor bully ſtarving MERIT from the door.

" Behold, for patronage lean GENIUS pant:

" What though the wealthy Great a *taſte* may want,

" Yet, would they caſt their eyes on pining MERIT,

" Thoſe eyes would quickly warm her frozen ſpirit.

" The *fool* may lift the MOURNER from the tomb,

" And bid the buried ſeeds of GENIUS bloom.

" Yes, fools of Fortune, did thoſe fools incline

" To look on humble WORTH, might bid her ſhine:

" Thus tallow candles in a chandelier,

" Make the keen beauties of the glaſs appear,

" Call into note a thouſand trembling rays,

" And ſhare the merit of the mingled blaze.

" The

" The Great ſhould ſun-like bid their treaſures flow,
" Whoſe beams wide-ſpreading no diſtinction know;
" But equal bid the crab and pine be ripe;
" And light at once a ſyſtem and a pipe."

Thus PRUDENCE ſpoke, when SECKER to the DAME
Confeſs'd his fault, and ſtopp'd the burſting flame.
Now ſtorm'd a *ſecond* Heroine from the band,
Call'd JOAN, and full at SECKER made a ſtand—
" I ſay, TOM ſhan't be ſhav'd—he ſhan't—he ſhan't,—
" Leek porridge, ſtirabout, we 'll ſooner want;
" We 'll rather hunt the gutters for our meat;
" Cry mackrel, or ſing ballads through the ſtreet;
" Foot ſtockings, mend old china, or black ſhoes,
" Sooner than TOM, poor ſoul, his locks ſhall loſe.

" Humph!

" Humph! what a pretty hoity toity's here?

" THOMAS, I ſay, ſhan't loſe his locks, poor Dear!

" Shav'd too! cauſe people happen to be *poor*—

" I never heard of ſuch a trick before.

" *Folks* think they may take freedoms with a Cook—

" Go, aſk your MASTER if he'd ſhave a *Duke*.

" No—if he dar'd to do it, I'll be curſt:

" No, SECKER, he would eat the razor firſt.

" Good lord! to think *poor* people's heads to plunder—

" Why, lord! are people drunk, or mad, I wonder?

" What! ſhall my poor dear huſband loſe his locks

" Becauſe *a* han't ten millions in the ſtocks?

" Becauſe on me, forſooth, *a* can't beſtow

" A di'mond petticoat, to make a ſhow?

" Marry

" Marry come up, indeed—a pretty joke—

" Any thing's good enough for humble folk:

" Shov'd here and there, forſooth; call'd dog and b—,

" God bleſs us well, becauſe we are not rich.

" People will ſoon be beat about with ſticks,

" Forſooth, becauſe they han't a coach and ſix.

" *A* ſhan't be ſhav'd, and I'm his lawful wife:

" The man was never louſy in his life.

" *Ax* what his *Mother* ſays—his neareſt kin—

" 'Tom never had a blotch upon his ſkin,

" 'But when *a* had the meaſles and ſmall pox.'

" What *for*, then, ſhall the fellow loſe his locks?

" 'She never in her life-time ſaw (ſhe ſays)

" 'A tidier, cleanlier lad, in all her days—

" ' And all her neighbours ſaid with huge ſurpriſe,

" ' A finer boy was never ſeen with *eyes!*'

" So, Miſter SECKER, let's have no more *touſe*—

" Hunt further for the owner of the louſe.

" Sir, 'tis a burning *ſhame*, I'm bold to ſay,

" To take poor people's character away.

" Who knows the varmine is n't your own, odsfiſh!

" You're fond of peeping into ev'ry diſh."

Again of SECKER boil'd th' internal man;

Thought urging thought, again to rage began:

Huge thoughts of diff'rent ſizes ſwell'd his ſoul;

Now mounting high, now ſinking low, they roll;

Buſtling here, there, up, down, and round about;

So wild the mob, ſo terrible the rout!

How

How like a LEG OF MUTTON in the pot,
With turneps thick ſurrounded all ſo hot!
Amid the gulph of broth, ſublime, profound,
Tumultuous, joſtling, how they ruſh around!
Now *up* the turneps mount with ſkins of ſnow,
While reſtleſs lab'ring MUTTON dives below—
Now lofty ſoaring, climbs the leg of ſheep,
While TURNEP downwards plunges 'mid the deep!
Strange ſuch reſemblances in things ſhould *lie!*
But what eſcapes the *Poet*'s piercing eye?
Juſt like the *Sun*—for what eſcapes his *ray*,
Who darts on deepeſt ſhade the golden day?

Muſe, let us pauſe a moment—here we ſee
A woman, certainly of low degree,

Reviling

Reviling *folk* of elevated ſtation;
Thus waging war with mild SUBORDINATION.
Should ſweet SUBORDINATION chance to die,
Adieu to Kings and Courtier-men ſo high;
Then will that IMP EQUALITY prevail,
Who knows no diff'rence between head and tail;
Then Majeſty, the lofty noſe who lifts,
With tears ſhall waſh and iron her own ſhifts;
To darn her ſtockings, from her height deſcend;
Which now are giv'n to *MACKENTHUN to mend—
Turn her fair fingers into vulgar *paws*,
And waſh her dirty laces and her gauze.
Then dimm'd are coronets that awe inſpire,
And ſceptres ſtuff'd, like faggots, in the fire.

Ne'er

* A Lady, attendant on the Princeſſes.

Ne'er let me view the hour, my ſoul that ſhocks,
When female Majeſty ſhall waſh her ſmocks:
Such humbled grandeur let me never ſee:
Soapſuds and Sov'reignty but ill agree:
Malkin, and Majeſty, but ill accord:
Rubbers and Royalty, are kin abhorr'd!
Strange union! 'tis the Vulture and the Bat;
A gulph and mudpool—elephant and rat;
A great Archbiſhop, and an Undertaker;
The Muſe of Epic, and a riddle-maker;
A roaring King in tragedy ſublime;
And he who plays poor Pug in Pantomime;
The Lord who in the Senate wonder draws,
Firm in the fair ſupport of Freedom's cauſe;

And that ſame Lord, behind the ſcenes, a ſnail,
Who, crawling, of an actreſs holds the tail;
MARCHESI on the ſtage with ſteel and plume,
And that MARCHESI in a Lady's room;
Sir *JOSEPH, Jove-like, with his hammer'd arm,
Who thund'ring breaks of ſleep the opiate charm;
And *that* SIR JOSEPH, with a ſimple look,
Collecting ſimples near the ſimple brook.

Again came PRUDENCE, quaker-looking *form*,
Sweet-humour'd Goddeſs, to ſuppreſs the ſtorm,
Who clapp'd her hands (indeed an act uncouth)
Full on the gaping hole of SECKER's mouth;
Compreſſing thus a thouſand iron words,
Sharp ev'ry ſoul of them as points of ſwords:

But

* Sir JOSEPH BANKS. A part of his royal inſignia is a hammer to knock down a diſpute, and keep the Royal Society awake.

But ſoon her hand forſook his lips and chin;

Who own'd the Goddeſs, and but gave a grin.

Thus from a fretful bottle of ſmall beer,

If, mad, the cork ſhould leap with wild career;

Lo, to the bottle's mouth the butler flies,

And with dexterity his hand applies!

In vain the liquor buſtles 'mid the dome;

John quells all fury, and ſubdues the foam!

Now roſe the MAJOR—"Miſter SECKER—Sir,

"You make in this affair a pretty ſtir!

"'Twere doubtleſs a fine preſent in a *box*,

"To offer to our ſovereign Lord, the locks:

"Some *vaſt* reward would follow to be ſure;

"A pretty little, ſweet, ſnug *ſinecure*.

"Yes—

" Yes—MASTER SECKER well can play his cards:
" Sublime achievements claim ſublime rewards.
" I humbly do preſume, Sir, that his *Grace*
" Has promis'd ye a warm Exciſeman's place:—
" *Some folks are Jacks-in-office*, fond of power!"
Thus ſpoke the COOK, like vinegar ſo ſour.
" No matter, Maſter Major, what I get;
" All that I know, is this, your heads ſhall ſweat:
" I'll ſee the buſineſs done, depend upon't—
" I'll order matters, d—n me if I don't:
" Yes, Maſter DIXON, you ſhall know who's who—
" Which is the better gemman, I or you."
Thus anſwers SECKER to the man of woes,
And points his ſatire with a cock'd-up noſe.

Scarce

Scarce had he utter'd, when a noiſe was heard;
And now behold a motley band appear'd!
With Babel ſounds at once the kitchen rings,
Of Groom, Page, Barber, and the beſt of Kings!
And lo, the beſt of Queens muſt ſee the fun;
And lo, the Princeſſes ſo beauteous run;
And Madam SCHWELLENBERG came hobbling too;
Poor lady, loſing in the race a ſhoe!
But in revenge-purſuit, the loſs how ſlight!
The world would loſe a *leg*, to pleaſe a ſpite.

And now for PEACE did SECKER bawl aloud;
And lo, PEACE came at once among the croud.
In courts of juſtice thus, to huſh the hum,
"Silence" the cryer calls, and all is mum—

" Cooks, Scullions, all, of high and low degree,
" Attend, and learn our Monarch's will from *me*.
" Our Sov'reign Lord the King, whoſe word is fate,
" Wills in his wiſdom to ſee ſhav'd each pate:
" Then, Gentlemen, pray take your chairs at once;
" And let each Barber fall upon his ſconce."—
Thus thunder'd SECKER with a MARS-like face,
And ſtruck dire terror through the roaſting race.
Thus roar'd ACHILLES 'mid the martial fray,
When ev'ry frighted Trojan ran away.

Calm was the croud, when *thus* the King of Iſles,
Firm for the ſhave, but yet with kingly ſmiles—
" You muſt be ſhav'd—you ſhall, you muſt indeed:
" No, no, I ſha'nt let ſlip a ſingle head—

" A very

"A very filthy, naſty, dirty trick—

"The thought on't turns my ſtomach—makes me ſick.

"Louſe—louſe—a naſty thing, a louſe I hate:—

"No, no, I'll have no more upon my plate.

"One is ſufficient—yes, yes—quite a ſtore—

"I'll have no more—no more, I'll have no more."

Thus ſpoke the King, like ev'ry king who gives
To trifles, luſtre that for ever lives.
Thus ſtinking vapours from the oozy pool,
Of cats and kittens, dogs and puppies full,
Bright Sol ſublimes, and gives them golden wings,
The cloud on which *ſome* ſay, the *Cherub* ſings.

THE END.